

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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SUNSHINE COMES TO-MORROW.

Some days must be dark and dreary,
Some lives must be full of gloom,
Some hearts of their calm must weary,
Till they long for rest in the tomb.

Some eyes must grow dim from weeping,
While others are glad and bright,
Some wake while others are sleeping—
Care-free until morning light:

O, well for the hearts which sorrow,
That the long-for rest draws near,
And well that the sun to-morrow
May shine on the paths now drear.

There are sunny isles in mid-ocean,
Where the myrtle and orange bloom,
Unheeding the wild emotion,
Or the depth which no stars illumine.

As those isles to the shipwrecked mortal,
Tossed about on the ocean's crest,
So the entrance to Heaven's portal
Tells only of the endless rest.

Grover Cleveland despises a lie. All honorable men abhor liars, those who originate lies or repeat them. There never was a time in the history of James G. Blaine when reports were in circulation against his public or his private character, when he said: "Tell the truth." Grover Cleveland is not afraid of the truth and he manfully defies all the liars of Buffalo and all the lying sheets of the republican party. He simply says: "Tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Grover Cleveland wants no whitewash. He asks no sympathy. A man among men, he simply asks what all honorable men will approve, that those who speak of him tell the truth. If there have been imperfections and it be required that the world shall know them, tell the truth. Half truth is a lie; only the whole truth is just and perfect. Grover Cleveland says: "Tell the truth about me." Let the truth go to the American people. That is the verdict rendered. The Buffalo standards are rapidly losing their dimensions. They were biggest at the birth. In a few days the nauseating mass will disappear, except in certain localities where nastiness is preferred to regular diet.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

THE HONEST COUNTRYMAN.—There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearny, near California, whose confidence in mankind has received a severe shock. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into his store and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for \$5 yesterday?"

"Never take back anything you once sold, my friend," said the dealer, smiling.

"Oh! that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found a \$500 bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of course he will—he has called already, my dear friend," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You see, honest man. Here, I give you fifty cents as a reward. Dot will be all right."

When the honest countryman got around the corner he murmured softly: "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up to Portland before that Sheeny tumbles to that counterfeiter. It's getting mighty hard to shove the 'queer' round these parts, and that's a fact."—[San Francisco Post.]

Before Gen. Cash Clay gets through howling about political murders in the South he ought to tell about how many murders, political and otherwise, he has committed during his long and illustrious career. "Has my family been broken up?" he asked. Let him publish Mrs. Clay's petition for divorce, and thus show who broke up his family. "Has more than one of my children been poisoned to death, and the youngest left alive by miracle only?" he again asks. If Gen. Clay means to charge the democracy with poisoning his children he should say so in a more manly way than by innuendo. He might also explain the relationship he bore to the woman who is the mother of his youngest child.—[Louisville Times.]

The Pugin Sound oysters are sometimes two feet in diameter, and weigh inclusive of the shell, as much as sixty pounds. Two of these gigantic mollusks were lately transported and planted in the South Bay. Either the trip or the new habitat disagreed with them, as both died a few days afterwards.

A jelly fish stranded at Ceylon weighed over two tons and at night gave out a light sufficient to read by. In ten days it had evaporated so that it weighed only two pounds.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Prices, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The Danvilles beat the Somersets in a game of ball 11 to 23, on the latter's ground Wednesday.

—The friends of Mr. W. H. Robinson, who was gratified to learn that his fine mare, Nannie B., took the blue ribbon in the sweepstake roadster ring at Richmond Wednesday.

—Messrs Summer Roberts and R. P. McGoodwin have retired from the planing mill coal yards. Messrs. Jona B. Nichols and Samuel Harding carry on the business at the old stand on Main street, nearly opposite Gilcher's Hotel.

—Mr. Henry Wishard, who shot at a man who entered his father's house a few nights ago, went to Harrodsburg Wednesday to see if he could identify a wounded negro there, who would give no account of himself. He saw him but thought him a different individual from the one he referred to.

—Mr. W. L. Tarkington propose to start on Monday, the 18th inst., for the strait of Mackinaw, Michigan. He will leave at the time indicated to see if he can't get ahead of the hay fever that he has taken with scrupulous regularity on the 19th of August for the past 5 or 6 years, when he remained here at home. Mrs. S. Dowdton went to Maysville Wednesday to visit her mother, Mrs. E. Q. Price. Her three children accompanied her. Mr. W. G. Dunlap, her sister Miss Mary Robertson, her brother, Mr. A. B. Robertson, and Messrs. J. C. Caldwell and C. C. Fox made up a party who left Thursday at noon for New York, Washington City and other points in the East. They will be absent three or four weeks. Hon. Wm. C. Owens, of Georgetown, was here Wednesday on professional business.

—Mr. R. G. Merrill, the popular cutter at P. A. Marks' merchant tailoring establishment, has a thimble that has kept him company these many years. When the 2nd Regiment of Tennessee Confederate Infantry left Gallatin for the war in 1861, Mr. Merrill enlisted as a private with the thimble in his pocket. He used it constantly in mending for himself and comrades and it once pushed the needle through a suit of new regimentals for Gen. Joseph E. Johnson. Arriving at Camp Chase in the course of time as a prisoner, Mr. Merrill was searched by a guard and the thimble taken from him. The guard gave it back on reflection as he was unable to see how the possession of a thimble by a prisoner could materially aid the weakening confederacy. Mr. Merrill has it yet and intends sending it to Louisville to be placed in the Confederate corner in the Exposition with a full history of its travels and adventures.

A Compliment to Frankfort.

"When I arrived in the Capital, last winter," said Hon. Tom Hill to the scribe, "I thought it the most God-forsaken spot I ever saw. Nothing but clouds and rocks and mean whisky and pretty girls all swamped up in waterproof disguise. I went down by the bridge and helped swell the surging tide of the Kentucky with my tears of repentance. 'Great Neptune,' I said, 'is this the reward of my ambitious toil?' But when the spring time had come, gentle Annie, and the hillsides began to mantle their rocky sides in a verdure of green; when the birds began to sing and my thoughts to turn lightly to love; when the mean whisky had improved by age, and the Governor had quit vetoing my bill; then I thought Frankfort was the loveliest spot on earth. Its most beautiful little city in America in spring and summer, and I'm for it for anything it wants. That's a pretty heading you all have for the Capital. Send me a hundred copies for the democracy of Lincoln. Come let's go over and buy an old rooster for fifteen cents!"—[Capital.]

A painter who loves his dram, but who of late has been at his wife's ends to get a drink, performed a successful chemical operation recently and surprised his employer by getting drunk from his paint pot. He was using shellac mixed with alcohol. He applied cold water to the shellac, which soon settled to the bottom of the pail, leaving the alcohol and water clear on top. He drank it off and had a genuine drunk.—[Norwich Bulletin.]

As a preventative of Asiatic cholera, Dr. Constantine Hering, in his "Homeopathic Domestic Physician," says: "The surest preventive is sulphur; put half a teaspoonful of flower of sulphur into each of your stockings and go about your business; never go out with an empty stomach, eat no flesh, bread or sour food. Not one of the many thousand, who have followed this my advice have been attacked by cholera."

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GEO. O. BARNES IN FRANCE.

'PRAISE THE LORD'

25 AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMEE, PARIS, July 9th, 1884.

Dear Interior:

If you ask me what impressed me more than any one thing among the many "sights" of Paris, I can speak without hesitation: The tomb of Napoleon the "Great" in the Hotel des Invalides. It stands above them all, like the gilded dome above it, the first object that attracts the eye in taking a bird's-eye view of Paris. The guide books try to describe it. It can not be done. There is something about the place that baffles the pen. When you go to Paris and visit the spot, my readers, you will know what I mean; not before. I walked on tip-toe. I didn't wish to speak or be spoken to. To be within a few feet of the skeleton of the man at whom the whole world wondered and who was, forty years ago, my silly, boyish ideal of greatness, was a new and strange sensation. Not long before I left home I stood before the door of the vault at Mt. Vernon, where our own Washington lies. In my riper judgment, his "little finger is thicker than the loins" of Bonaparte; but boyish impressions are, after all, the most abiding. Philosophy and experience alike go down before them. Even religion staggers before the tenacious ideal that has once fully taken possession of a boy's imagination. I know that Jesus is my "all and in all." That is my faith. I know that George Washington was immeasurably a greater man than Napoleon Bonaparte. That is my matured judgment. But I once let the hero of Austerlitz, Jena and Marengo come into my life without thinking of results, and there he is still. That is my boyish imagination, clinging with unrelaxing grasp to a boyish ideal—false but well nigh omnipotent. It is a strangely curious thing. I can not well understand it. I only write about it. I did not hold my breath at Mt. Vernon. I should have to try hard to let the full power of the place take possession of me, if I were to go to Jerusalem to-day. I know it as well as I know that I "love Him who first loved me." Faith is an exotic at best. But without an effort came back my old boyish prepossession for Napoleon, as I stood beside his coffin on the 8th of July; and I saw the "man of destiny" in all the well-remembered epochs of his romantic career, pass like a panorama before me. On his rearing horse at the icy pass of St. Bernard; facing the driving storm in his Russian retreat; tearing open his coat and bidding his veterans fire upon him, when he returned from Elba; knitting his brows at Fontainebleau when all was lost; gazing from the rocky cliffs of St. Helena towards the France he was never more to see; how vivid it all was that well-remembered day at the Hotel des Invalides.

Five minutes in the open air and the glamour of the scene was gone, but I knew then, as I know now, that my boyish passion lies latent, just the same as it was 40 years ago, only waiting the proper occasion to make it spring into full-blown life. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made." I had learned it as an aphorism that "earliest impressions are the most lasting." I took a lesson in the experience of it at Napoleon's tomb.

The Paris cab drivers are *sui generis*. Not inextinguishable. That is the monotonous characteristic of the tribe, the world over. But they have a passion for wearing plug hats of shining oil skin, shaped like a "first class" silk hat, but glistening like a mirror in the sun's rays. Some black, some white, but ever shining. But then they crack their whips so persistently and with such startling sharpness that I jumped at the sound once and again before I got used to it. They seem to do it for the fun of the thing. The horses don't seem to think it a thing intended for them. At any rate they don't mind anything but the direct application of the lash. The cracking seems to be, primarily, a warning to pedestrians to get out of the way; and secondarily a sort of assertion of authority on the part of the king of the coach-box. Whatever the philosophy or utility of the thing, it is one of the features of the streets of Paris that rather strikes and startles a stranger. And I am just jotting down a few strange things before they cease to be strange.

Vernon and I spent the best part of a day at the Louvre. Here again notice the splendid character of French orthography. How do you think they pronounce that? Look! Throwing into the gutter of silence, so to speak, two good letters that never did the French people any harm. Whatever crime were those unfortunate r-e-e-guilty of, that they should be gibbeted in a word—hung up for inspection, without the faintest recognition of their existence in utterance; two orthographical barnacles; useless excrescences; such a sheer waste of raw material, is the spoken, versus written French. Well, the Louvre! what a wonderful place it is! Just miles of pictures, if they were strung out in a row. I should think nearly a mile of them up one gallery and down another, even, hung tier above tier as they are. Again there is too much to describe and I can not begin, even. The floors are of polished wood, carpetless and ringless; and as this is also the character of the French floor everywhere, I will stop for a moment for further notice of it. I verily believe these slippery floors have had something to do with giving the people a mincing gait. You know what short steps

one necessarily takes on ice. And these polished floors require the same circumspection in walking. Try a long, swinging step at the Louvre, if you dare. About the second stride you would come to grief, or strike an attitude like the Colossus at Rhodes, or Ajax defying the lightning. Careful as may be your inspection of the pictures, still more careful must you be how you step on these glassy surfaces. It was right amusing to see heavy gentlemen and elderly ladies, with whom a fall would have been a serious matter, with elbows uplifted in an attitude of flight, as if they had been wings, anxious faces and very short steps, passing from one gallery to another. It was a hot day and this was our method of procedure. At intervals of about twenty yards there were green plush sofas, without any backs, on both sides of the galleries. Seated on one of these, we leisurely inspected the pictures within comfortable eye range of our seat. Crossing over we occupied the opposite sofa and looked at the picture on the other side. Then carefully strolling down the sleek floors and giving a very cursory gaze at the intermediate works of art, we made straight for another pair of sofas. There we took it easily again, and so on ad finem. I commend this method to weary visitors of picture galleries. Ordinarily it is the most exhaustive of all the sights in foreign travel, but by this common sense arrangement and not insisting on actually bringing the eyes to bear upon every picture on the walls, one may escape the utter prostration of the picture gallery and really "take in" and carry more away than by any other method that I am acquainted with. In all the galleries, copyists were painting. And here another dream of youth was dispelled. I thought a painter of "master-pieces" was a person of noble mien, lofty brow, flashing eye and flowing hair. Instead, at the "Louvre," there were stout ladies, in faded black, with spectacles; grizzled old fellows in slippers, alpaca socks and spectacles, too; one soldier, in full private uniform, with a most unattractive and even coarse face; and a young woman, spare, angular and hungry-looking, with fingers like claws, for thinness; all painting away on various subjects—amorous, bellicose and mythological; but none of them at all like my artist of dreamland. Alas! life is so practical. These people were evidently painting for bread—every one of them, perhaps—and so many francs for so much work, seemed the motive power. Art stands back in the presence of a hungry stomach and nothing is lovely to one needing three meals a day and no money.

The blouse is the national garment of France. You see it everywhere. It is the badge of the swarming, working class. Generally blue, loose sleeved and capacious. In fact, a short shirt worn outside the trousers, though another may be, and is manifestly, worn within. A blouse and red cap are things of terror to me, for they are associated with all that is bloody in the latter history of France. And they are yet to play an awful part in the coming tragedy of earth. What another "reign of terror" more dreadful than the first, will it be, when the horrible "commune" shall be victorious, as it is certain to be. For men would not accept the LORD'S commune, when He established community of goods on a principle of pure love and willing offering. This grace rejected, man's wilful substitute came—viz: "Every man for himself and the devil for us all"—more "conscience effect" when you come to analyze the sentence. Sowing means reaping; and they "sow the wind reap the whirlwind," for the crop is always more than the seed sown. God's commune of Act-2 rejected—the devil's takes its place. "I came in my Father's name and ye received me not." That is the proposition. "Another shall come in his own name; him ye will receive." That is the corollary. Yes, there shall yet be a "community of goods," before the end shall come; but there shall be no blessing in it, only a curse, deep as the malice of him who plotted the forcible division among the many, of what the few have painfully gathered for themselves. Oh, had they amassed it all for God, how different the outcome; oh, had they lavishly given it to others, of their own free will, what "treasures laid up in heaven," instead of riches torn away from unwilling hearts and hands!

Appropos of this sad train of thought, suggested by a "blouse," I saw on the corner of Rue de Rivoli and Rue St. Martin's—the former the street of streets, in Paris, perhaps the world—a sign over a handsome store, that ran thus: "Au Bon Diable—Tout pour rien." "To the good devil—everything for nothing." It suggested in a dreadful way who was at the bottom of all the godlessness of Paris, the very same who took our Savior to "the top of an exceedingly high mountain and thence showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and made the identical proposition to Him—that *that pour rien*—"All these will I give thee, for they are mine and give them to whom I will." *Tout pour rien*—"All for nothing." "Only worship me. That is my only condition of gift." Oh, that Paris knew her tempter and would only say, "I will not worship thee!" But she knows not the "day of her visitation," and I do not know of any place that I have visited more thoroughly given over to the devil than Paris. I am afraid that sign in the Rue de Rivoli is only too significant. But is a lovely city. One can scarcely believe it to be so wicked. Looking on the surface of things and forgetting what lies beneath, there is no city in the world, perhaps, more enjoyable than Paris. We could not remedy the evil. We enjoyed what we could. Vernon and I had a first-rate time in the French capital. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

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Board and lodging, per week.....\$ 7 00
Per day.....1 00
Per meal.....50
Cottage of 2 rooms and cook room, per week.....10 00
Single room, per week.....7 00
Families who furnish their own rooms and board at the Hotel, per week.....5 00
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It had to come. The Blaine scandal of which we have been cognizant for years, is published in full in a Chicago paper. Boiled down to a few words, the lengthy publication sets out that while James G. Blaine was a teacher in Col. Thornton Johnson's military school at Blue Lick, Ky., he seduced a young lady in Col. Johnson's school at Millersburg. The appearance of the seduced soon became the talk of the section and the result was the breaking up of both schools and the financial ruin of Col. Johnson. Mr. Blaine finding that the country was getting to hot for him left the State in an abrupt manner, and was shortly followed by the woman, whom he was compelled to make his wife. The difference between the scandals on the two leading candidates for the Presidency is that Blaine under a promise of marriage, overcame the scruples of a young woman, who yielded her virtue to him, for which he made the only reparation in his power when forced to do so; the woman with whom Cleveland's name is connected was a widow and a loose one at that. During their liaison a child was born to the woman and notwithstanding it was proved that she had been intimate with two other men, Cleveland shouldered the responsibility and since marriage was out of the question, did all that an honorable man could under the circumstances. Both of these indiscretions happened years ago, since which time nothing has been said against their private lives. They have nothing to do with the fitness of either of them for the high office to which they have been nominated and it is a shame that such scandals have been forced into the campaign by the republican papers. There are not many men living of dead against whom some such a story might not be circulated and we cannot see the use of publishing these which seem to have been so well atoned for. The public lives of these men are more fit for scrutiny and while our candidate in the light of comparison stands even better in his private life than Blaine, the record of his public life is one page of bright and honorable dealing with his fellow-men. Blaine on the other hand is smirched with corruption and his colossal fortune is the result of using public office for private gains. We believe the people by their votes in November, will show their repugnance of him and his methods.

WM. PURCELL, the New York editor, who resigned because he could not support Cleveland and withdrew from the editorial management of a democratic paper for the same reason, has been quoted very gleefully by the republican papers all over the country, as charging that Gov. Cleveland is a "moral leper," now publishes a card as follows: "I now desire to say that information has come to me from a source in which I place implicit confidence, materially changing the state of facts upon which the remark was made. Hence, in justice to Gov. Cleveland and myself and to all others whom it may concern, I withdraw the characterization and request that hereafter it be not attributed to me." Mr. Purcell will now please go in his hole, draw it in after him and show himself no more this side the judgment.

MURAT HALSTEAD, a disappointed and seceded politician, hoping to gain the good graces of Blaine, whom he soundly abused and violently opposed in 1876 and 1880, telegraphs to the Commercial Gazette from New York the monstrous lie that it is currently reported that arrangements have been made to withdraw Grover Cleveland from the democratic ticket. When a man of some ability and previous good standing can resort to so low and contemptible a trick as this for the sake of a possible lost and fish, it is evident that the party is in a strait for leaders and ideas. There can possibly be no foundation for the alleged rumor. The democrats are not only pleased but proud of their nominee and will elect him so sure as the day arrives.

A NEGRO in Virginia attempted to violate the person of a young white woman but her screams caused him to flee before accomplishing his design. He was pursued by a mob and caught, when he was given choice between death and 125 lashes on his back. He chose the latter, but by the time 100 had been applied he was a bleeding, festering mass, so near dead that his tormentors let up on him. When he in a measure recovered he was told that another 100 would be applied if he was ever seen in that country again and was allowed to go.

THE Public Printer, Dr. John D. Woods, issued the first number of the Capital at Frankfort Saturday and we are just in receipt of it. It is a handsome 7 column folio and when it is told that the doctor is assisted in his editorial work by the brainy and experienced Hon. Geo. V. Triplett, it goes without saying that it is bright and interesting throughout. We will hail its weekly visits with pleasurable anticipation, and would advise all who love a good thing to send \$1.50 and get it for a year. As the patent medicine men say, it may save your life.

The number of animals Dr. Brown Seaward has vivisectioned goes into the thousands. His latest exploit was to cut off the head of a dog and then, by means of a transfusion of blood from another dog, make the decapitated head show signs of life. The cruelty of the matter seems in taking a dog which was familiar enough with his voice to recognize it on being spoken to. Can anything be more horrible than this?

There seems to be no longer any doubt about Judge Holt's election to the Appellate bench. We have no regrets at the result, in fact we are rather glad that Riddell was defeated, if the charges of his connection with the disgrace and death of Judge Reid have even a semblance of truth. The means used to accomplish his nomination, too, were of a very dubious nature and his defeat will teach the democracy a lesson, which is that a mere nomination is not all that is necessary to secure the election of a man of whom the people have any doubt. Judge Holt is said to be a much better qualified man than Riddell and his appearance on the bench will no doubt have a salutary effect on it. The election of Holt can not be claimed as a republican victory since he could only have been elected by dissatisfied democrats.

UNDER the state of case, which the N. Y. Sun makes, the election of Blaine would be a real blessing in disguise. It says: "If Blaine should be beaten, the republican party might be reorganized, reconstructed, inspired with new life and saved. But if Blaine is elected, the ruin of the party seems certain. During half a year of power under Garfield, he brought it almost to dissolution, and nothing but the patience, tact and judicious inactivity of a man of genuine political talent could have restored it. Now, if the same Blaine should be put at the head, his masterly incapacity and his brilliant genius for mischief would surely bring the party to a speedy and irredeemable end."

The faith of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser in practical sense being upmost is happily expressed in the following few lines: "We read the crop reports with more interest than we do those on any other subject. It may be temporarily exciting to know that one horse has beaten another a quarter of a second, or that another comet has been discovered. The fashions are of interest to some and the cholera finds the world attentive; but after all, this is a utilitarian age and the report that flour may be fifteen dollars a barrel next winter would create a greater sensation than the discovery of a race of white people in Central Africa."

THE Mormons are terror-stricken at the news of the killing of five of their elders, who were out recruiting in Tennessee and it is safe to assume that they will send no more out soon. It is a pretty rough way of stopping the business, but it is an effective one.

THE republican national committee evidently wants to prosecute a canvass of filth. It bought for distribution 500,000 copies of the dirty little Buffalo paper, which first printed the alleged scandal on Cleveland.

THE Cincinnati Evening Post furnishes all the news at one cent a copy. It is a live little sheet and never gets left on an item. See advertisement elsewhere.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The locusts are causing great destruction to crops of all kinds in Mexico.

—The Louisville and Nashville annual report shows a surplus of \$81,595.48.

—The democrats of Missouri nominated Gen. Jno. S. Marmaduke for Governor.

—The bankers are in convention at Saratoga and as usual going for the silver dollar.

—J. Daniels killed his wife and daughter in Platte county, Kansas, and then committed suicide.

—"Fighting Joe" Wheeler is the nominee of the democrats for Congressman in the Eighth Alabama district.

—The official vote in the Appellate Judgeship fight in the First district gives Holt 466 majority over Riddell.

—Hon. Nathan Barnett, for 40 years Secretary of the State of Georgia, was yesterday renominated by the democrats.

—Gov. J. C. Underwood, late manager of the Cincinnati News Journal, has sued the Post Publishing Company for \$50,000 damages for libel.

—The New York Sun is advised from Washington that Blaine has little hope of election, and is broken down in health by discouragement.

—Four men attempted to cross the Ohio at Bellair in a skiff and were drowned. Two bodies were recovered, those of Walter Tenney and Pat Dixon.

—A mob of twelve men attacked a meeting held by Mormon elders at Cave Creek Lewis county Tenn., Sunday, and killed three of the elders. Two of the mob were killed.

—Three children on a farm near South Perry, O., named respectively Robt. Wood, Louis D. Wood and Kate Shaw, all under ten years, were burned to death in a barn, having gone there to smoke and in so doing set the barn on fire.

—The Knights of Honor have 117 lodges in Kentucky, and a total membership of 7,000. Kentucky Knights have paid in \$64,000 and drawn out death benefits amounting to \$60,000 during the last six months.

—Jack Cleary, of Lexington, Ky., is astonishing the medical fraternity by persisting in getting well, contrary to all precedents, having been well nigh disemboweled, and having his intestines severed on election day. He chews tobacco and expects to be out in a few days—the first case of the kind on record.

—It is reported that the members of the Greeley Arctic Expedition were driven to such straits by hunger before relief reached them that they resorted to cannibalism and devoured the flesh of their dead comrades. It is reported that Henry, whose right name is B. Ch., was shot and his flesh eaten.

—At Flemingsburg last Sunday, Miss Dorothy Gordon committed suicide on her way from the camp ground, having, it is said, quarreled with her lover. Yesterday Daniel Phillips, living two miles from the Ruggles camp ground, shot himself through the temple. He was Miss Gordon's lover.

—There 9 National Banks in Louisville with a capital of \$3,551,500, and resources of \$14,441,753.

—Daniel Manning, Cleveland's right-hand man, thinks that Butler's defection is all sound and fury, denoting nothing.

—The Governor has pardoned James Morrison, who, ten years ago, was sentenced for life from Barren county for poisoning W. A. Bash.

—The French are prosecuting the war in China in a vigorous manner. Kelung is blockaded. Only two of the French were killed in capturing the fort.

—Joe Love, who was shot at Lexington Friday night by Ennis Bell, having died, Bell is held for trial at the Circuit Court in November on charge of murder.

—Dr. Geo. T. Gould, who lately had charge of the Female College at Millersburg, has accepted the Presidency of a college at Los Vegas, New Mexico. He should have gone further still.

—Eld. E. T. Williams, pastor of the Central Christian church, of Cincinnati, was married to Miss Carrie, daughter of President Loos, of Kentucky University.

—Mrs. James M. Hart found her husband in bed with their adopted daughter, at Paducah and fired four shots at him, wounding him slightly in the leg.

—Louisville merchants will decorate their business houses and suspend business after 12 o'clock Saturday in honor of the opening of the Exposition that day.

—It is claimed that Hon. E. E. McKay, of Nelson, will be nominated for Congress in the Fourth District. Capt. Stone, Speaker of the Grange Legislature, will be the democratic candidate in Oscar Turner's district.

—G. T. Ramsey received 922 votes for sheriff; J. S. Phillips 465; Ramsey's majority 458. J. W. Sallee received 922 votes for county superintendent; J. D. Shearer 393; Sallee's majority 559. (Monticello Signal.)

—Seventeen murders were committed in this Appellate district on election day, and the returns from the mountain counties are not all in. When will the authorities enforce the law against the carrying of concealed weapons?—(Winchester Sun.)

—It was a preacher who started the foul slanders about Cleveland and Blaine and a preacher who killed his wife in Chicago night before last. The unregenerate ought to see a day of general prayer for the reform of the pulpit.—(Louisville Commercial.)

—John Sexton, who was arrested several days since for murdering and robbing Geo. Routen, and who is now confined in jail at Barbourville, Knox county, has been indicted for murder by the grand jury, which is in session at that place, and his trial set for Monday, August 18.

—About the only Congressional district in this State where the candidates are heating things red-hot in the Eighth. Messrs. Thompson, Durham and McCreary are on the stump daily, and if the voters don't absorb an abundance of political wisdom, it will be because they stay at home in their tobacco patches.—(Louisville Times.)

EAST BERNHARDT, LAUREL COUNTY.

—A social party was given at the Weaver House last Wednesday night.

—Mr. J. S. Thompson is putting up a steam shingle mill 4½ miles north of this place on Hazel Patch Creek.

—Died, of typhoid fever, last Tuesday at Altamont, Mr. J. Brack Johnston. He leaves a wife and several small children to mourn his loss.

—J. B. Tre is now in Louisville having his hip reset the second time. We are truly sorry that he has had such bad luck with his dislocated joint.

—Mrs. C. S. Nield of Altamont, announces that she will deliver a temperance lecture at Mt. Carmel church at 3 p. m., on the first Sunday in September. Everybody is invited. (Mountain Echo copy.)

—Can any one tell what has become of Dr. Rusk? If so please address V. at this place. Mr. B. B. Van Nuy's wife are the guests of Mrs. Jeff Pittman this week.

—Mrs. Eliza Pittman and daughter, Ellen, are at Dr. H. S. Pittman's on a visit. Dr. O. S. Lambert reports more flux and fever.

—H. C. Thompson returned from Louisville Tuesday evening. Mr. Will Ward, of Paint Lick, is visiting his brother at this place. Hoos. Jas. B. McCreary, M. J. Durham and Phil B. Thompson, Jr., spoke at London last Monday to a very large crowd of eager listeners. We do hope that every man of the party will go to work in earnest to win and see if we can't give the nominee of the democratic party a majority next November in Laurel county.

—The Bell telephone patent has only eight years more to live, and the moment the patent existing expires the country will be flooded with telephones costing all most nothing. The ordinary Blake transmitter, for instance, an almost indispensable adjunct to every telephone, costs two dollars to manufacture, but one is now shown to New York electricians which does the same work, is no bigger than a thick coat button, and costs, according to its inventor, Park Benjamin, less than two cents to make. Benjamin believes that when the telephone patent expires telephone service will become so cheap that no house will be without a telephone, the cost not exceeding one dollar a year, and the charge for conversation across the continent being but trifling.

—WHAT A CRAVAT PARTY IS.—The Lexington Gazette wishes us to explain the "Cravat party." Well, it is a party where a price of admission is charged and each gentleman is supplied at the door with a cravat and each lady with a bow. Each gentleman is expected to find the lady whose bow matches his cravat and devote himself to her entertainment. This gives rise to many novel and amusing situations.—(Woodford Sun.)

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—The Garrard County Teachers' Institute will be held here August 27, 28 and 29th.

—The Lancaster base ball club has reorganized and expect to play the Stanfords Friday afternoon.

—The ladies of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school gave a grand concert at the City Hall last night.

—The ladies of the Antioch Sunday-school gave a nice supper at their church Sunday evening, which was largely attended.

—The brick work on the Garrard Female College will be completed to-day. Brick work on the Higginbotham building has been finished. Crow Dillon is giving the court-house a new coat of paint.

—Prof. J. L. Irvine has moved into Franklin Institute, where he will have a select school for young gentlemen next session. Mrs. E. D. Potts is visiting relatives in town. She will probably assist Mrs. Wm. Yantis at Independence, Ky.

—A number of our citizens attended the Richmond Fair this week. Excursion trains leave here at 9 A. M. Misses Maggie Rowland, Sallie McRoberts, of Danville, Louise Seins, of Illinois, and Miss Rowland, of St. Louis, were among the number yesterday.

—Miss Cleo Williams, of Mt. Vernon, returned home Tuesday after spending a few weeks with Miss Lou Grant. Misses Jennie Faulkner and Lizzie Walker returned Saturday from an extended visit to Columbia and Nashville, Tenn. Misses Zoe Welsh, Mamie Metcalfe and Hallie Young, of Danville, and Misses Betty, Mary and Maggie Walker of the upper end of this county, are visiting at George Denny's. Misses Ella and Georgie Moore and Sallie Anderson are the guests of Maggie Curry. Miss Jennie Salter, of Danville, is the guest of Miss Lula Chaires. Miss Marion Woolford, a popular young lady of this place, is seriously ill in Lexington, where she is visiting Miss Sallie McGarvey. Her many friends hope that she may soon recover. Mrs. Mays and son, Will, have been confined to their rooms for several weeks with typhoid fever. Mrs. Sallie Owsley left Wednesday for St. Louis, where she will remain during the winter. Her daughter, Mrs. Willie Belle Greenleaf has been visiting friends in this community for the past month. Mrs. John McElhinney and family and Mrs. Wm. Jones and family, of Piper county, Ill., are expected to-day to visit relatives in this place. Charles Peacock and Clei Johnston left Wednesday to arrange Garrard's display at the Louisville Exposition. Col. J. K. Faulkner came up Wednesday to visit relatives. Dr. Sam Burnside will return from Cumberland Falls to-day.

HOW LOGAN JOINED THE CHURCH.—The manner in which John A. Logan joined the church is as follows: In 1868 he was running for Congress. There is a strong religious sentiment in Southern Illinois, and the prevailing creed is Methodism. During the campaign it was urged as an objection against Logan that he was not "a professor," and had never joined the church. He was in Washington at the time, and when he learned that the fact was strongly influential against him, he telegraphed the pastor of the church at his home in Cordoba to place his name on the roll of membership and he would be baptized and subscribe to the confession of faith as soon as he got home.

The cost of the electric light for the illumination of cities, as compared with gas, has been computed by Hartford, Conn., where the lights have been in use for about a year. The reports state that each electric light in use displaces 61 street gas burners, besides giving at the same time at least ten times as much light. The gas lights cost \$35 per burner per annum, keeping burning 325 nights in the year, while for the electric lights 65 cents night is paid. The electric light being equal to 61 gas burners, a saving of \$15.60 per lamp per year is effected by the use of electricity, besides the cost of lighting and extinguishing the gas lamps.

A SYCAMORE SPRING.—A gentleman residing near Cornwell, on the K. & S. A. railroad, was in the Sun office Saturday and related that on a farm adjacent to his there is a sycamore tree with a knot-hole about six feet from the ground, out of which constantly flows a stream of water and occasionally 5th have been seen to issue from the tree. Tourists who happen in that region flock to the place to view the natural curiosity.—(Winchester Ky.) Sun.

A former prominent Judge, who has passed many a sentence of imprisonment for life and shorter periods, was locked up in the work-house and fined five dollars being drunk and disorderly down in Craw Tuesday afternoon. "How have the mighty fallen." The Judge's name is McNamara.—(Frankfort Roundabout.)

Spurgeon tells the amusing story of the old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming: "No, now, you don't. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years and it's never been wet yet, and you ain't going to begin."

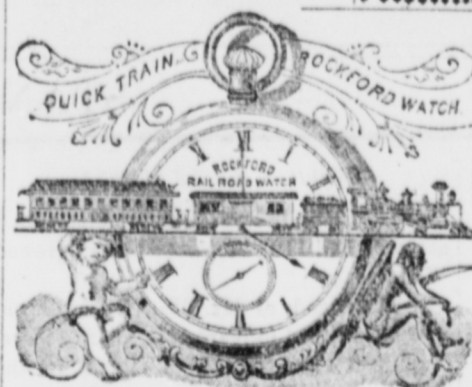
A nice, pious young man, who tried to steal a kiss from a Washington belle, got his nose so covered with red paint that his pastor subsequently stopped him for ten minutes on the evils of strong drink.—(Burlington Free Press.)

Of the four original proprietors of the London Daily Telegraph, a paper that now nets a profit of \$10,000 weekly, the sole survivor is now the owner of a country weekly and another died in a poor-house.

A San Francisco woman is suing a man for \$10,000 damages, because, on the 21st of last month he promised to marry her within "a reasonable time" and has not yet fulfilled the agreement.

Penny & M'Alister

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Largest Stock of Watches,
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Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles,
Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips,
Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness,
Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers,
Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and
Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roof-
ing and Guttering will have prompt attention.

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A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing every-
thing from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No
need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter
what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate
any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also
a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embrac-
ing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms
opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

W. H. TRAYLOR,

AGENT FOR THE—

BONANZA GRAIN & FIELD SEED THRESHER.

—And the Machinery named below, for Lincoln and Garrard Counties—

We build the famous "BONANZA" THRESHER—of Wheat, Oats, Flax, Clover,
and all kinds of Grain. It is a New Bonanza Grain and Seed Thresher and Engine, built by Robinson
and Co., Richmond, Indiana, and sold here by W. H. TRAYLOR, their Agent. We have bought and
ground quite a lot of wheat threshed with the Bonanza Thresher, and it was splendidly done—nice
and clean—not cut up like we often see it. Signed: J. B. Owsley, H. R. Hargraves, J. H. Miller, J. C. Lynn, S. J. En-
Hart, J. Hart.

We endorse what the farmers say in regard to the Bonanza Thresher and Engine, built by Robinson
& Co., Richmond, Indiana, and sold here by W. H. TRAYLOR, their Agent. We have bought and
ground quite a lot of wheat threshed with the Bonanza Thresher, and it was splendidly done—nice
and clean—not cut up like we often see it. Signed: J. B. Owsley, H. R. Hargraves, J. H. Miller, J. C. Lynn, S. J. En-
Hart, J. Hart.

To those whom I have sold machinery I extend thanks for their patronage, and will say to those
that expect to buy that I will take great pleasure in fitting you up with the above named machinery.
Will see that everything is in perfect working order. I have on hand a supply of printed matter
which will be sent to any one addressing me at Stanford, Lincoln County, Ky.
241-413 Yours, very truly, W. H. TRAYLOR.

Buggies, Phaetons, Sur-
reys, Carriages,Jersey and Open Spring Wagons,
Village Carts, &c.

The largest stock ever in Stanford and the best to be found in Central Ken-
tucky, embracing about twenty five different styles from the leading manu-
facturers in the United States. Persons contemplating buying a vehicle this
Spring should select the same or place their orders at once; for at this season
all manufacturers of first-class vehicles are invariably over-run with orders
and if the vehicle wanted is not on hand, it will require from four to eight
weeks to obtain it; four weeks being required to make, finish and dry a first-
class job ready for shipment, under the most favorable circumstances.

All work sold by me will be found to be such as I represent them, unless
have been deceived myself, and in that event the purchaser will be fully in-
demnified. Call and examine my stock and I will do my best to please you
in style, quality and price. You can get as good vehicles from me and at as
reasonable prices as you can obtain anywhere else and get a guarantee on
them, besides that is worthless to you when buying away from home. Res-
pectfully,

GEO. D. WEAREN, Mfg.'s Agt.,
STANFORD, KY

